

**King Edward as a Clubman.**

It is one of the penalties King Edward has to pay for his elevation to the throne that the chapter of club life, which no one entered into more heartily or enjoyed more thoroughly than he, is closed forever.

There probably never was a more ideal and popular clubman than the Prince of Wales, when he founded the Marlborough Club for his principal friends, to recent days, when no fewer than a score of London clubs counted His Royal Highness among their members.

Among them all the Marlborough has naturally always been his favourite, for it was peculiarly his own club, limited to his intimate and chosen friends, every one of whom was known personally to and esteemed by him. The chance of an undesirable member finding himself within this august circle is less than infinitesimal, for a single black ball excluded, and the Prince himself always presided at elections.

The Marlborough Club list well illustrates the range of the King's interests and sympathies, for there is scarcely an aspect of the higher phases of life that is not represented there. There are Kings and Princes in abundance; King Leopold of Belgium, the Kings of Sweden and Greece are members, and so are the Prince of Wales and Duke of Connaught. There are soldiers like Lord Roberts, sailors like Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. Finance is represented by Lord Rothschild, and commerce by Sir Thomas Lipton. In fact, it is the boast of the Marlborough that it contains the best blood and brains of England. The club, which has its quarters at 52 Pall Mall, is limited to 500 members, has an entrance fee of thirty guineas, and an annual subscription of ten guineas. Far from being, as one might expect, the most sumptuously-equipped club in London, it is almost the plainest; but the furniture and fittings, however simple, are of the very best, and there is an atmosphere of solidity and comfort which few clubs can rival. Here for more than a generation the King has been in the habit of dropping in informally almost every day when in town—in the afternoon for a chat or a game of billiards, and after the theatre for a game of cards, for which the stakes are always rigidly limited.

Here, too, he was able to leave ceremonial behind; and it has always been an unwritten law of the club that he was to be treated in every way as an ordinary member. It is needless to say that in such company the line which divides friendly relations from an offensive familiarity has never been overstepped.

Another favorite club of King Edward is the "Rag," as the Army and Navy Club, which is housed in a magnificent building at the corner of Pall Mall and St. James's Square, is known. The "Rag," which had its birth in modest quarters at No. 16 King Street, in 1838, and migrated to its present sumptuous home twelve years later, is the chief of all our Service clubs, and since the days when the Duke of Wellington used to make his way to King Street, sixty years ago has included all our greatest soldiers and sailors among its members. The Duke of Cambridge is almost, if not quite, the doyen of the "Rag," for his membership dates from the year 1850. Its members number 2,400, and it has an entrance fee of £40 and an annual subscription of from seven to ten guineas.

Another exclusive club, patronized and frequented by the King in his days as Prince of Wales, is the United Service, which dates from the year of Waterloo, has 1,600 members, and is housed at 116 and 117 Pall Mall. The United Service has many eminent names on its list of members, including those of the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Roberts, and Lord Wolseley. The members of this Club pay an entrance fee of £30 and a yearly subscription of £10, and none of them is under the rank of a major.

The Junior United Service, another of the King's favorite clubs, has 2,000 members including the German Emperor, the King of the Belgians, and Lord Kitchener.

In all his clubs the genial presence of the King is much missed, although his place is now largely taken by the Prince of Wales; and possibly King Edward sometimes sighs for the days when he could drop in at the "Rag" for a chat, or have a quite rubber at the Marlborough, and forget for a time the splendour and anxieties of his position.—Tit-Bits.

**Compelling People to go to Church**  
Few members of the church of England are aware that the bishops have still the power to oblige them to present themselves at church on every Sunday in the year, as well as on no fewer than twenty-eight saints' days. Moreover, they could oblige them to fast at least a dozen times a year if they felt so inclined.

The act under which this power is held by

the bishops is one passed when people apparently were given to cock-fighting and other profane amusements in the Sabbath, in the reign of Edward, A. D. 1551. Many years later another and more stringent law was enacted, but that has been repealed, while, curiously enough, the older law is still in the Statute-book. The latter says:—

"Forasmuche as, at all tymes, men be not so myndeful to lawde and praise God, so readie to resorte and heare Godde's holly worde, as their bounden dewtie doth require; therefore, to call men to remembrance of their dewtie, it hath been provyded that there sholde be certain days appointed, wherein Christians sholde cease from all other kynde of labour and applie themselves onely unto the aforesaid hollie workes."

And, if people should not obey willingly, then it is "lawfull to all archebushoppes and bushoppes to enquire of every persone that shall offend in the premises, and to punishe such offender, and to enioyne him such penance as shall be thought mete."

**Mark Twain's Fuel Order.**

When the late coal strike was at its height Americans took it cheerfully and with much humor, a fact upon which The Companion commented at the time. Of course Mark Twain had his say, which was in the form of a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury. It read as follows:

The Honorable, the Secretary of the Treasury, Washington. Prices for the customary kinds of winter fuel having reached an altitude which puts them out of the reach of literary persons in strained circumstances I desire to place with you the following order:

Forty-five tons best old government bonds, suitable for furnace coal, gold seven per cents 1864, preferred; twelve tons early greenbacks, range size, suitable for cooking; eight barrels seasoned twenty-five and fifty cents postal currency, vintage of 1866, eligible for kindling.

Please deliver with all convenient despatch at my house in Riverdale, at lowest rates for spot cash, and send bill to Your obliged servant,

Mark Twain,

Who will be very grateful and will vote right.

**Canadian and American Capital.**

A recent Montreal despatch to the New York Post says:—Statistics as to the extent of the flow of United States capital into Canada this season are not available. That it is severe, however, the banks in your reserve cities and throughout the West could probably testify. The actual speculation in Canadian lands, complained about by bankers at the New Orleans convention, would cause a drain of some moment; but the most important influence would come from the actual selling-out by American families, and their removal with their capital of two, four, six, ten thousand dollars to the north of the Canadian line.

New York gets back some of its lost capital in the shape of loans made abroad by the Canadian banks. These banks show "call loans elsewhere than in Canada" at \$47,510,849, against \$27,234,789 in December, 1900. But the rapid development of Canadian resources and the phenomenal business activity has absorbed the bulk of the increase. As to whether the drain will continue, and for how long, no one can say. The new settlers will get plenty of evidences of the richness of the soil, and of prosperity enjoyed by the pioneers of earlier days; and as there is no apparent obstacle in the way of equal success by new arrivals, the movement may last quite a number of years. If it does one consequence will be the building up of Montreal as a financial centre.

**Modest Charity.**

They were discussing charity in the drawing-room, and one of the gentlemen was inveighing with some sarcasm against benevolent folk who make donations and have their names published in the papers.

"Nearly all charitable acts," he said, eloquently, "have pride or vanity as their motive. For my part I hate ostentation. I remember once, when I was travelling through a part of the country where I was not known, I came upon a lonely little station, where in the waiting-room there was fastened to the wall a contribution-box for the benefit of the sufferers through recent inundations.

"There was not a soul there—not a person in the neighborhood knew of my presence or was acquainted with my name—and I went and dropped a gold piece into the box and slipped away unseen. Now, sir, what I contend is that my secret offering was a more meritorious one than if it had been made on a public subscription list, with a loud flourish of trumpets."

"You are right," said a listener. "That was genuine modest charity, and I don't wonder you brag of it."

**SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE**

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

**FREE SAMPLE** and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

**HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD**

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

**HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD**

A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:— "My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that the change is for good. Please send me one of your little books, as I want to give it to a friend."



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You don't take Vapo-Cresolene into the stomach, you breathe it. Put some Cresolene in the vaporizer, light the lamp beneath and then breathe-in the vapor. It's easy, convenient, safe. It can be used with success, even for infants.

Don't you see at once how valuable such a remedy must be for hay fever, diphtheria, sore throat, catarrh, asthma, and other diseases of the air passages? For whooping-cough it is a perfect specific, often curing the disease in from one to three days.

What is Vapo-Cresolene? It is what the doctors call a coal-tar product; that is it's something like carbolic acid, only it destroys disease germs.

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